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JANUARY

10¢

the Lone Ranger



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS
A MACRUDDHA SCAN

DOWN HIM! HE'S THE ARMY COMPANY'S RAYRIDER!
HIS SADDLEBAG IS FILLED WITH CASH!



RUSS! HIS HORSE IS
HIT! NOW HE'LL BE A
SITTING TARGET!



RIDER DOWN,
KEAD GABBY!

USE YOUR GUNS AND KEEP
THE ATTACKERS FROM
HIM, TONTO!



HI-AMY-ARM!

WHAT IN BLAZES? TWO
RIFLERS ARE SHOOTING
AT US!



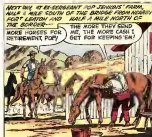
THE MARKED MAN'S GONE FOR
THE RAYRIDER! DON'T LET THAT
CHAMBOOT STEAL THE CASH
FROM UNDER OUR HORSES!

K-RUSS WE
BETTER PULL
BACK! HIS
FAL'S SHOOTING
TOO CLOSE!



IF TONTO CAN FORCE THEM BACK
A MINUTE MORE, I MAY HAVE A
CHANCE TO RESCUE THE RIDER!





AT FORT LEATON—

MAJOR, THE WAGON CARRYING THE GOLD SHIPMENT DESTINED FOR THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT HAS ARRIVED!

GOOD, LIEUTENANT! IT WILL SOON BE OFF OUR HANDS!

MACHVILLE, BY CARLOS' CAMP—

SERGEANT RUSS, MY SPY IN THE MEXICAN ARMY HEADQUARTERS BY THE BORDER HAS NEVER BEEN WRONG!

THAT GOLD SHIPMENT COMING IN TONIGHT! YOU GET IT? TROOPERS WILL BE GUARDING IT ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER!

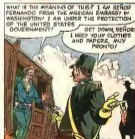
FLATLAND—

LOAF RANGER! HOW ARE YOU? AND YOU, TONTO? HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE I RETIRED!

HELLO, SERGEANT! HOW IS YOUR FARM GOING?

THEY CALL IT A REST FARM, BUT I NEVER WORKED SO HARD IN MY LIFE!

YOU'VE A LOT TO SHOW FOR IT! THOSE HORSES ARE IN FINE CONDITION!—TONTO AND I WILL DROP BY AGAIN! WE'RE MAKING A WIDE CIRCLE TO TRY TO PICK UP RUSS CARSON'S GANG'S TRAIL!—COME ON, SILVER!





MEANWHILE—

KEHO SARAY MARKS
SHOW STAGE STOP HERE!
THEN PLUNTY OTHER
HORSES JOIN-UP!



**SURPRISED AT FIRST BECAUSE OF THE LONG
RANGER'S MASK, BUT QUICKLY RECOGNIZED AS
TONTO HONORING THE WOUNDED MAN, THE
MEXICAN CAUVECAU TELLS WHAT HAPPENED—**







AS THE OUTLAWS' CAMPFIRE FORCES THE LONG HANGAR AND POP JENKINS TO KEEP DOWN, THE LONG RANGER, SHIELDED FROM VIEW BY THE WAGON, ROLLS OUT ACROSS THE BRIDGE---

EVEN IF THEY MANAGED TO REACH THE RAY WAGON NOW, THEY'LL NOT BE ABLE TO MOVE IT ONCE IT'S ON FIRE!



RUESS!

BACK! WE CAN'T DO A THING TILL THOSE FLAMES DIE DOWN!



ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE---

WHAT IS MAKING THE SMOKE, JUAN?

THE STAGE IS STOPPED BY A FERY BARRICADE, AMIGOS!



CARLOS WILL NEED OUR HELP IF HE IS TO BURN THE GOLD HERE! TAKE THE SECRET CROSSING OVER THE RIVER, THEN RIDE FOR THE SMOKE!

GUDAP!



SOON---

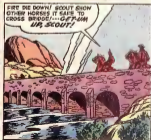
JUMPING JENOCAPUET---

---SOMEONE IS RIDING FROM BEHIND US!

RING!



AND AS THE LOAN HUNTER AND POP JENKINS MAKE THEIR DESPERATE STAND, SUDDENLY—





the Lone Ranger

THE TELLTALE BULLET

WHEN THE BANK ROBBERS, CALY MAHNA AND BOB HENRY FINISH THEIR PRISON SENTENCES, THE LONE RANGER IS SO CERTAIN THEY'LL RESUME THEIR CAREER OF CRIME THAT HE AND TONTO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL...

THEY STOP HERE, KENO-SABAY!
...THEN THESE SPURS FROM
OPPOSITE DIRECTION MEET-UM!

AND THEN ALL FIVE
HORSERADEN HEADED
FOR BARTONVILLE,
TONTO!

KENO-SABAY LOOK
ON GROUND---

...SMALL PIECES OF
BLACK CLOTH! BUT
THEY'RE ALL CUT IN
OVAL SHAPES--- TONTO, I
THINK THEY WERE CUT FROM
THE CLOTH TO MAKE EYEHOLE
FOR MASKS! THEY MAY BE
RIDING TO BARTONVILLE
PREPARED FOR A
HOLDUP!

SOON---

TONTO, THE OUTLAWS!
A BANK ROBBERY!
---COME ON, SILVER!

GET-UM
US SCOUT!

KEEP AFTER
THEM, TONTO!

BANG!
BLAM!

THEY SEE US!
THEY SHOOT!





TOMTO CAN
RIDE---

---THIS WAY! WE'LL LOSE
THE TOMMAMEN AND CROSS
YOUR WOUND!

QUICKLY THE LONG RANGER AND TOMTO DOUBLE BACK
ON THEIR TRAIL, LEAVING THEIR PURSUERS' BORN---

POSSIE BACK--- BUT
NOT WITH CROOKS!

MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP
THE OUTLANDS' TRAIL,
TOMTO!



BUT AS DARKNESS CLOSES IN---

THEN COVER TRAIL ON
WET GROUND! WE
NOT FIND-UM NOW!

JARVIS! I USED OUR LAST
BANDAGES ON YOUR WOUND,
TOMTO! I WANT TO TRY TO
REFRESH OUR MEDICAL
SUPPLIES HERE!



WE'RE IN LUCK! THIS HOUSE
AT THE END OF TOWN IS A
DOCTOR'S! STAND GUARD
WHILE I GO IN, TOMTO!



CAUTIOUSLY THE LONG RANGER PEERS THROUGH THE
WINDOW. THEY SEEING ONLY THE DOCTOR. THERE, HE
ENTERS---

DOCTOR
DOYLE, TO LIKE TO BUY
BANDAGES, GAZES AND
ANTISEPTIC! PLEASE DON'T
MISUNDERSTAND MY ASK!

---PEOPLE'S AILMENTS,
NOT THEIR PAINS.
INTEREST ME! I
WILL A COMPLETE
MEDICAL KIT FOR

THREE DOLLARS!
I'LL GET ONLY



AS THE DOCTOR LEAVES THE OFFICE THE
LONG RANGER LOOKS DOWN AT THE DESK---



A SILVER
BULLET!



THE MAN YOU CALLED AN OUTLAW IS THE LONE RANGER!

DON'T BELIEVE WHAT HE SAYS! --I RECOGNIZED HIM! HE'S THE ROBBER WHO SHOT ME WHILE I WAS STANDING BY THE BANK! HE'S JUST USING THOSE SLAYER BULLETS TO POSE AS THE LONE RANGER!



I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE --YOU'D BELIEVE AS IF I WERE YOUR REAL SON INSTEAD OF AN ADOPTED ONE!



PLEASE, DR. DON'T TELL THE JACKED CROOK ABOUT ME! HE KNOWS I SAW HIM AND WANTS TO KILL ME SO I CAN'T IDENTIFY HIM AS ONE OF THE BANK ROBBERS! AND IF YOU TELL THE SHERIFF, THE GANG'LL HEAR ABOUT IT AND GET US BOTH!



YOU MAY BE RIGHT, DR. I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET AND LET THE LAW WORRY ABOUT THE ROBBERY! I-I HOPE I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING!

LATER, AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO CAMP NEARBY, THEY SEE A RIDER LEAVE THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE---

HIM HAVE ARM IN SLING!

HIS RIGHT ARM TONTO! SADDLE THE HORSES! WE'LL FOLLOW HIM!



SOON---



HIM GO IN CABIN!

KEEP BACK, TONTO! THEY HAVE DOGS ON GUARD! WE'LL WAIT TILL HE LEAVES!

DAKE! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE---

---TROUBLE, CIGH! THE LONE RANGER IS ON OUR TRAIL!



POORLY DAVID TELLS WHAT HE OVERHEARD---

BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO KILL THE LONE RANGER, AND DAVID'S GOING TO HELP!

AND I'M NOT GETTING MIXED UP IN ANY MURDER!



YOU THERE IN WITH US WHEN YOU HELPED ON THE BANK JOB---

---THAT WAS ONLY TO HELP PAY OFF THE I.O.U. NOTES I RAN UP AT YOUR GAMBLING CACKING GAMES! NOW I'M EVEN WITH YOU TWO BROTHERS!



'YOU'RE GOING TO HELP GET RID OF THE LONE RANGER! TOMORROW, SEND THE DOC WAY OFF ON A FALSE CALL! THEN PUT THE SIGN IN THE WINDOW UPSIDE DOWN! WHEN THE LONE RANGER COMES IN---WE'LL BE THERE TO SHOOT HIM!

I CAN'T DO IT! I'LL GET THE BLAME!



STICK TO YOUR STORY! HE WAS ONE OF THE BANK ROBBERS! HE CARES TO KILL YOU SO YOU COULDN'T IDENTIFY HIM! YOU SHOT IN SELF-DEFENSE! ---SAVEY?

M-HYAH--- LET GO!



YOU GOING TO DO IT?

Y-YES--- I-DON'T TOUCH MY GUN---



YOU'RE COVERED! REIN IN!



LEAVING THE LOW RANGER'S QUESTIONING, DAVID BOYLE BREAKS DOWN AND CONFESSES ALL ---







DOCTOR...

...TOO LATE! THE OLD COOTE' MY SHIELD! YOU AND THE INDIAN DROP YOUR GUNS! OR I'LL PLUG THE SAKSONES!



HERE'S HOPING I CAN AIM STRAIGHT WHEN I SHOOT LEFT-HANDED...

BANG!



OWN!

GOOD SHOOTING, DAVID! I'LL KEEP THE OTHERS COVERED WHILE TONTO TIES THEM!



SOON... I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN I RAN INTO JED PIERCE UP THE STREET! HE NEVER ASKED ME TO PAY HIM A CALL!

WHEN YOU ENTERED YOU MIGHT HAVE SPOILED EVERYTHING... BUT DAVID WAS ABLE TO REDEEM HIMSELF!



DAVID TOLD ME ABOUT YOU, MISTER! HE INSTRUCTED MY DEPUTY WHERE TO LOOK IN THE SAGO'S HIDE-OUT FOR THE LOOT! AND HE ALSO CONFERRED TO MY PART IN THE ROBBERY!

SAG—ONCE I'M OUT OF PRISON I'M GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE MAKING YOU PROUD OF ME!



SINCE YOU HELPED CAPTURE THE OTHERS, DAVID, I'M SURE YOU'LL GET A LIGHT SENTENCE!

BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A CHANCE TO START TO REDEEM MYSELF IF IT WAGNT FOR THE LONE RANGER!

NO SILVER! AWAY!



Young Larry Moran was on the porch of the Bar-M ranch house with his mother when Pawnee Sam, the Bar-M hired man, returned from town. The old Indian dismounted slowly and handed over a sheaf of letters and a mail order catalog.

"Slocum in town yesterday. Talk much. He say he tired waiting for court to give him Buffalo Valley," Sam said morosely. "Today he drive cattle over line."

Larry turned to his mother. She leaned against the porch rail, her face suddenly lined and drawn, and he knew her thoughts were his own. It was three years since Jed Slocum first claimed Buffalo Valley—the bowl of land that was the heart of the Bar-M ranch. The grasping, land-hungry Slocum had found a shrewd lawyer, who, in turn, had found a vague clause in the deed to the Bar-M lands. Twice, Slocum had driven his herds down the gap toward Buffalo Valley—only to run up against Larry's father, Harve Moran. But, each time, Harve had met the invader at the barbed wire fence that guarded the valley. The glowering menace of Harve's shotgun was enough to convince Jed Slocum and his gun hands to turn back. Then, Jed had run yelping to the law—only to be beaten in the Courts. He had reappealed but the final decision had not yet been handed down.

Now, Slocum didn't have to wait for the Courts. Harve Moran had died two months before and there was no one to guard Buffalo Valley. No one but Harve's son, Larry, a gangling boy of nineteen, who'd never dare

face a showdown with Slocum and his hired gunclicks.

Now, on the porch of the Bar-M, Larry Moran wiped the nervous sweat from his face and moved toward the door to the house. His mother's eyes pleaded with him. He looked away and walked past her. Inside the house, Larry took the shotgun off the pages on the wall. His hands were trembling as he threw two shells into the breach. His hands were still trembling when his mother met him at the door.

"Larry, wait! Let the courts decide!" she pleaded.

"Slocum isn't waiting, Ma." He tried to sound hard and determined but his voice cracked boyishly.

Looking at her son, Judy Moran had to fight back the tears. She loved the boy for his gentleness and thoughtfulness, yet, at that moment, she wished he had some of the rock-ribbed toughness of his father.

But now, Larry's hand was on her shoulder. He was leaning over and kissing her, and Judy Moran knew there was only one path the boy could take. Out in this country, a man had to be ready to fight for his land or wind up a saddle tramp—herding another man's cattle.

It wasn't until they reached the long green slopes of Buffalo Valley that Larry turned to the old Indian.

"Pawnee, you stay here." The boy had meant to sound nonchalant, but the words came in a creaking gasp.

Pownee Sam's eyes were motionless black beads. "No, I come along. Slocum have maybe three, four men. You need help, boy."

Larry shook his head in a boyishly stubborn gesture. "No, you stay here. Mom will need you if—if anything happens."

The Indian looked down at his rifle and remembered the boy's father. The old bear's hands wouldn't be shaking like that. Still, wasn't it always so back in the old days when a young warrior went on his first war party? There would be fear, but there would be pride, too. The measure of a man depended on which of these was greater. As Pownee Sam watched the boy ride up the valley alone, he prayed to the Great Spirit to give the boy strength.

* * *

Jed Slocum watched his riders herd the bowling short-horns down the draw that led to Buffalo Valley. With a snarl, he spurred his horse out in front. He wanted to be first at that wire fence. This time there was only a scared kid waiting beyond the barbed wire. Slocum spurred his horse to a gallop. At the fence, he reined in sharply and dismounted. With the wire cutters in his hand, he advanced toward the fence. If he saw the tall, gangling boy on the other side of the line, he made no sign.



"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Mr. Slocum." Against the rumble of the advancing herd, Larry's voice sounded high-pitched and nervous. Slocum looked up as if he just noticed the boy.

"Hi, Larry. Pretty far from home, aren't you?" He examined the fence with a special interest, his voice low and pleasant as the clippers reached for the wires.

"Please, Mister Slocum, I'm not looking for trouble." Larry was almost pleading now and Jed grinned to himself. The kid was yellow clear through.

Jed hitched up his gun belt. "Look, son, if you're real smart, you'll put that shotgun down and head for home. We'll keep it between us. No one will ever know you backed down." Then he reached for the first wire strand with the clippers.

"Slocum, this shotgun has two barrels. Cut that wire and they're both yours. Dead center."

Slocum looked up sharply. Something had happened to the kid's voice. These were the cold, deadly accents of a man ready for anything.

Jed backed away, his sweating palms feeling for his gun belt, but the boy's eyes didn't shift. Only the shotgun in his hand moved. Slocum knew what a shotgun could do at twenty feet and he had no stomach for it. With a snarl of defiance, he swaggered toward his horse and mounted.

He spurred toward his herd under the cold eyes of his hired killers. Slocum must have felt their contempt because he jerked his horse around and shook his fist in the air.

"I'll be back, Moran! I'll be back," he shouted hoarsely.

"And I'll be waiting," answered Larry.

At the far end of Buffalo Valley, Pownee Sam watched Larry Moran cantering down the trail toward him. And watching, it seemed to the old Indian that in that last hour the boy had somehow grown taller, stronger. And as Larry waved his hand in a triumphant salute, old Sam knew that Harve Moran had left a worthy son behind him.

YOUNG HAWK

YOUNG HAWK! THERE'S
THE TWO HUMPED SLOPP!

YES, LITTLE DUCK!
WE ARE HEADING
HOME!

AFTER MANY MONTHS
OF WANDERING,
YOUNG HAWK AND
LITTLE DUCK BEGIN
TO SPOT FAMILIAR
LANDMARKS...

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WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO CO.

THERE ARE
THE LODGES
OF OUR PEOPLE!

THERE IS NO ONE
HERE TO MEET US!

OF COURSE NOT!
OUR PEOPLE
PROBABLY
SAVE US UP
FOR DEAD!
BUT WE
ARE SEEN!

AT LAST, THEY SIGHT THE VILLAGE ON THE FAMILIAR HEIGHT.

I SEE FACES WATCHING
US FROM ABOVE! BUT NO
ONE RECOGNIZES US!

YOU HAVE GROWNTALL,
LITTLE DUCK! AND THE
BLANKSKIN---

AS THE BOYS REACH THE TOP...

WHERE ARE YOU FROM,
AND WHAT IS YOUR
BUSINESS?

WE WOULD SPEAK WITH
WOLF JAW-- FATHER OF
YOUNG HAWK AND UNCLE
OF LITTLE DUCK!









A FEW DAYS LATER--- OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE STOCKADE...

I AM YOUNG HAWK--- BACK FROM
A TRIP TO THE MOON! I HAVE
FOUGHT WITH THE GREAT CLOUD
BEAR AND CAUGHT AN EAGLE!

WEASEL EYE IS A
GOOD MINIO!



HAP HAY! EVEN YOUNG
HAWK'S DOG CAN'T TELL
THE DIFFERENCE!

SHIFF!
WOFF!



YIP-YIP!

I'LL SOON TEACH
HIM THE
DIFFERENCE---



TEACH ME, TOO,
WEASEL EYE---
IF YOU CAN!

FOONS HAWK!



WHOEVER KICKS MY
DPP GETS KICKED!
TURN AROUND,
WEASEL EYE!

A-ROO!



I'LL BREAK
YOUR BACK---
BOASTER!

TRY IT! YOU'VE
STILL GOT
TO BE KICKED!







INDIAN WAR TRAIL

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Indian boys played the War Trail Game, not only for the fun of it, but to develop their keen sense of observation. If you want to try it, first make an Indian scalp lock which is worn around the head, as shown in Fig. A. Cut a round piece of leather or cardboard about four inches in diameter. Long strands of horsehair, yarn, or string are then threaded through two holes placed near the center of this piece, and then a cloth or leather loop is attached for tying the scalp lock around the head. (See Fig. A.)

The players divide into two equal groups and take turns at being "trackers" and "enemies." The enemies take a head start and leave a trail by bending twigs, blazing trees, uprooting weeds, leaving footprints in mud or soft earth, etc. It is the task of the trackers to find the trail and keep records of all clues each uncovers. The tracker who uncovers the most clues and discovers the enemies' hiding place, is the winner, and collects their scalp locks.

If another game is played, the losers' scalp locks are returned and they must be trackers. But if the enemy outsmarts the trackers, they get to be enemies again in the next game.

You will not only have fun playing Indian War Trail, but in no time you will become an expert tracker.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 26, 1935,
AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1937, AND JULY 4, 1938, (Title 36, United States Code, Section 720) CONCERNING
PUBLICATIONS: PUBLICATION, AND CIRCULATION OF
THE FIVE MAGAZINES PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AND
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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, office, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher: George F. Delacorte, Jr., 351 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.; Editor: Morris Meyers, 351 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.; Managing Editor: Joseph Delacorte, 351 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

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Business Manager

Signed: JOHN C. WEAVER

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(Seal)

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

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HARTLINE

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WE DANCE WE STRUT AND
CLOWN - WE DO ANYTHING
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